

of the features of the latter part of the brilliant game.

The stars came out one by one and held the glaring sun and the electric lights on the viaduct above to lighten up the scene. Grid and Gray the players buckled to and fought for five minutes longer in Yala's territory—fought until the whistle of the umpire sounded, and the Yale men knew that they had been beaten. The conquerors were carried from the field; the conquerors walked and everybody made a break for home.

Here is how the teams lined up:

Here is how the teams lined up:

PRINCETON.

③ Kerr.

③ Sing.

③ Ward.

Greenway.	● Brown.
Beard.	● Hoyle.
Hickok.	● Wheeler.
Huffman.	● Palmer.
McCook.	● Taylor.
Merrill.	● Lee.
Hinkley.	● Touchard.

Theresa O. Adams O. Williams O. Armstrong O.

YALE.

ENTHUSIASTIC AND LOYAL

The Women Cheerful and Stuck to Their Colors in Belfast as in Victory.

A sky of Yale's own blue, a yellow sun that winked its prophetic eye at Princeton, and no breath of wind to blow good or ill to anybody—that was the state of things yesterday at noon.

Long before that hour all the flowers in the botany, except two, became extinct in New York. Violets and chrysanthemums ran riot. Roses blossomed in the cheeks of pretty girls

but that did not really count, for the same girl flaunted the purple or yellow flowers defiantly and recognized the existence of no others.

Wise people, with a satisfied smile on their faces and field glasses hung over their shoulders, went tripping up the stairways of the elevated roads before noon, and sank into the seats which then were to be had at any station before Fifty-ninth street. As the minutes flew the ticket choppers played a livelier tune, the guards used language which made the atmo-



There came a roar of rich music. They were taken on a stage and people wished they could take off their feet and put them in their pockets.

The perfume of crushed violets filled the cars. Yellow petals fell in showers. Blue silk banners with a white "H" snapped their folds threateningly at orange ones with a black "P." Women held their breath for a sort of crowd-pleasing Man of the Hour to save their lungs for yelling. As the trains neared the 155th street station, the crowded cars seemed to be receiving a charge of electricity. The women's ears sparkled and their cheeks took on more roses to rival the flowers they carried. Men grasped their walking sticks and hands that were far from steady and even their eyes were "a little shaky" from the platform to rands in the street.

"Next stop 155th street," the guard shouted, and the whole crowd grew tense.

"One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street! All out!"

"Steady, now! Steady! Look out for the ladies!"

Then there is a surge through the doorway and one is thrown out into the vestibule of pandemonium. shrieks, howls, caterauls, horns, drums, and "ruffled dazieles" make an orgy of sound. (One is hustled, hauled, stepped on, prodded, squeezed, and shoved across a street where mot. women, children, and horses are struggling.) Admission, gateway where the stalwart policeman look helplessly at each other and shrug. The word, on, on, on, on, on, on to another opening where it all goes.

Lower Grand Stand.

Two more policemen demand the color of your tickets, and if it is yellow, hustle you up a flight of steps to a platform, below which are the seats of the first and second rows and beyond which are first, people, then a green field strep with white, and beyond

You have passed the vestiment. You are in postulation proper. It would be worth going to Manhattan Field on Thanksgiving Day even if one had to turn around and go out and say before a single play was made. Once a year in New York one may lay such a thrill of enthusiasm as makes every woman prouder and every man bolder. It is cheap enough even if one has to buy it of speculators and pay a premium.



**NOTING TO KEEP WARM.**

It is all right to talk of the humanity of the game, but the most physically sensitive women who ever smothered a favored boxer, or held over a dog fight, or fainted at the sight of a cat fight, cannot keep the spark out of her eyes as she hears the surge of sound and sees the waving risk of color at the greatest contest the world of sports can show. A football

...I was at about two o'clock, she remarks cheerfully: "Another man" laid out, and she rather berougedes him the time to recuperate.

Ten thousand women went to the game yesterday. Some of them didn't know the difference between a touch down and a fumble, but of one thing they were absolutely certain. They knew which side they wanted to win, and

**HOOD'S**  
**Sarsaparilla**  
**CURES**

in comparison with which all the previous ones had been like the feathers of a dove. Eleven very respectable-looking fellows in dirty padded garments, with blue stockings on their sturdy legs, and all sorts of straps and bandages on their tanned heads, filed into the fold. After a few swallows and died and swelled again. The youth with the impediment of speech tried to cheer them up. It took him a long time to get the heave, but by that time the rest were saying: "Who-ah! Who-ah!" so he whined up himself and began to sing a new one. The first was "Who-ah!" he said, and came out with a mighty "Who-ah!" for everybody else was through. And then there was a pause, and he sang another rhythm, and about a hundred grunts came again to swarm upon the field. Yellow and white legs, yellow and white heads, swarmed and waved around and finally when the eye grew accustomed to the sight, re-

"It's p-p-p-p-p" began the stammering youth.  
"Buckton?" suggested the girl.  
"Uh, no. It's p-p-p-p-p."  
"Clay?"  
"No. It's p-p-p-p-practice!"  
And then the Blanket Brigade appeared. The Blanket Brigade wore the comeliest of uniforms, and they were very polite. They explained to their grateful feminine listeners, the substitutes for those playing, in case any of the players were injured, that they were substitutes that he couldn't get up again. They wore light gray blankets. Whenever a player was injured, the gray blankets would come in and plaster him and dose him with medicine. They were the best thing in the world. They had a new act in the field. Each man, taking off his own blanket, threw it over the head of the injured player, and then he ran. And then these mighty heroes would gather their togalike robes around them and they would be able to get up again. They could get his even open and crawl to his feet, and then off went the blankets, the faithful blankets, and the player was up and on his feet, and then he ran the side of the field. Every

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All of the New Styles.  
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